

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 216

His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)

Chapter 216

His Found Lycan Luna Book 2 chapter 92

Azalea POV

The sound of murmurs was what I woke to, whispers and frantic speech my mind was too foggy to comprehend. Kyson sounded worried. I could tell that much from his tone as I returned to the present.

“What do you mean? How can you not know?” Kyson snarls at someone. Moments later, Cedric’s voice reaches my ears.

“If she were a Landeena, it would be straightforward, but she isn’t Kyson. She is also half Azure. I am familiar with the King’s gifts, the Queen’s she kept hidden for the most part,”

“And what? Do you have no clue either? Tatiana was your mate!” Kyson snaps when Trey’s voice reaches my ears.

“I know of some of her Moon-blessed gifts. Cedric is right, though. We can’t fully understand Azalea’s gifts until they make themselves present. She only just started acquiring them. Azure and Landeena bloodlines were the first. The Moon blessed yet polar opposites. They were never destined to bring a child into the world together. Her gifts will remain unknown until she learns to use them or they reveal themselves.” Trey argues. Kyson sighs loudly, and I open my eyes to find I am on the couch by the fire, a blanket draped over me. Damian sits across from me, looking rather tired, his head resting back on the armchair as he listens to them argue.

“So, what sort of gifts did Tatiana have?” Kyson asks.

“All I know is she had gifts replicated of being seer and elemental by nature,” Trey answers when Cedric speaks.

“Garret was the opposite. His gifts stemmed from the mind, which is why no one could resist his command, and why he was so charismatic and cruel,” Cedric said, sounding a little bitter as he said the last word.

“So this could be a mix of either?” Kyson groans. Annoyance filters through the bond.

“Or something else entirely,” Cedric offers. I remain quiet, letting them talk or argue about what they seemingly don’t know. Sitting up completely, I peer over the back of the couch to see Cedric hand him some leather-bound books before they both left. Looking back at Damian, he was watching me.

“Abbie?” I ask him.

“With Gannon, she is fine, my Queen. You don’t need to worry,” he tells me before getting to his feet.

Yet worry is all I feel for her, she tried to kill herself and almost succeeded if Gannon hadn’t intervened. The things I saw inside her head would forever haunt me, forever remain with me.

“Finally, you’re awake,” Kyson says as Damian steps around the coffee table.

“I am going to head back to my mate. But I will be ready to leave by the afternoon for

Landeena," he says before walking out and leaving me with Kyson.

"We are going to Landeena tomorrow?" I ask as Kyson wanders over books in his hands. He sits down beside me. "Yes. You still want to go?" I nod my head. I needed answers, anything to try and figure everything out.

"Any news from Larkin?" Kyson shakes his head.

"No, though we have tried to reach him,"

"You don't think that Crux ...?"

"Honestly, I don't know what to believe anymore, Azzy. We'll figure it out together," he tells me, setting the books down on the small coffee table. "How are you feeling?" he asks, moving my hair over my shoulder.

"I feel fine," he exhales before cupping my cheek with his hand.

"You had me so worried when you passed out. Abbie was beside herself. It took all Gannon's strength to get her to leave,"

"I just can't believe we missed how depressed she was," I tell him, feeling terrible that my best friend was suffering in silence, believing wholeheartedly that she had no one to confide in.

"A lot has happened. New things have come to light. Finding out about Gannon's mate, I think shoved her over the edge,"

"Gannon had a mate?" I asked.

"Apparently, yes. But more shocking is it was Abbie's aunty. Gannon and Liam killed her," Kyson tells me.

"He killed his own mate?" I ask, horrified. Kyson shrugs.

"I don't know all the details, and we were just as stunned when we found out. He never told me. Although I know Gannon, he would never hurt a woman without good reason. It is also nearly impossible to kill your own mate." Kyson says, resting his head back on the couch.

"Come, you should get some rest. We have to be up in a few hours," he tells me.

"I just woke up," I laugh.

"But I haven't slept yet, and it is 3am in the morning. I can't sleep without you, so you need to come too," he tells me, standing up.

"I'm not tired," I tell him, peering up at him.

"Good for you, but I am," he smirks before scooping me off the couch. I scramble to grab hold of him, not wanting to be dropped as he walks toward the bed. He places me on it before stripping his clothes off, remaining only in his boxers. I lick my lips at the sight of him.

"Nope! Sleep. I am old, tired, and grumpy. You can have your way with me tomorrow," he growls as he climbs over me. I was not tired. No, I was wide awake. Kyson crawls in bed beside, tugging the blanket up before flicking the lamp off. Only the light from the fireplace illuminated the room, casting shadows on the walls and roof. I stare at the ceiling, wondering how long before he falls asleep so I can sneak off to shower. However, sleep is instantly forgotten when I hear Abbie's voice flit through the mind-link.

"Are you awake?" she whispers to me.

"Yes, are you okay? I wanted to come to see you, but Kyson wanted to sleep," I tell her.

"You can see me. I'm outside your door," she whispers through the link as if she was trying not to wake Kyson. I glance at him fast asleep, snoring, before getting to my feet and making my way to the door.

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Opening the door, I find Abbie and Tandi. Tandi peers past me to look at Kyson asleep before reaching in, grabbing my wrist and tugging me out the door, and rushing toward the stairs. Abbie giggles, racing to keep up with her as if she was performing some kind of jailbreak. Dustin, who was standing guard with Trey, stumbled after us.

“Ah, you said you needed to speak to her, not kidnap her!” Trey hisses at her.

“Either come with us and shut up or stay behind. No party pooper’s allowed,” Trey looks at me, and I shrug.

“Where are we going?” I ask as I nearly stumble down the steps.

“To raid the liquor and find the deserts,” Tandi tells me. Abbie giggles and shakes her head.

“I heard her giving Damian hell in the halls and went to see what the commotion was and was kidnapped too,” she shrugs.

“Tyson? And Hunter?” I ask the girls, though I was glad to see a smile on Abbie’s face after yesterday.

“Hogging the bed. Gannon is with him,” Abbie tells me. “And Damian is playing Daddy daycare,” Tandi says as we reach the bottom of the stairs. Tandi scouts the hall before jumping in fright when Liam comes around the corner.

Liam glances around before ducking behind the corner of the staircase with us. He peers down, then peeks around the corner toward the kitchen. “Who are we hiding from?” he whispers, and Tandi giggles.

“Idiot, we are raiding the kitchen!” she snaps, pushing past him.

“I could do with a midnight snacky poo,”

“This is a girl’s breakout only,” she tells him.

“Then why does ferret face get to come? And him?” Trey huffs at Liam, calling him names, and Tandi looks over her shoulder at Dustin and Trey dressed in the typical black uniforms, looking every part of my guard.

“Dustin, don’t count. He is one of us.” He huffs as if to say he is not a part of this escape. “And he is the fun police that decided to tag along,” she growls.

“Well then, count me in as the corruption! I know where the hard liquor is kept. Besides, I am her guard,” he says, pointing to Abbie.

“Since when?” Abbie demands.

“Since you did a jailbreak on my best friend in your rainbow pajamas and bunny slippers. You look like you’re up to mischief.” Liam tells her, sending her a wink. Tandi sighs loudly.

“So much for keeping this a small gathering.” Tandi says, stomping off toward the kitchen. We flick the light on to find no one down here, and I can’t help but laugh as Liam makes himself at home, raiding the pantry and coming out with a huge armful of sweets and chips that he dumps into Trey’s arms. Trey shakes his head but says nothing, accepting his role in our escape that I am sure would get me in trouble later with Kyson. Tandi follows Liam to the cellar, returning with liquor and wine bottles.

“Do you girls drink?” she asks, and Abbie and I shake our heads.

“Oh, Clarice made Mudcake!” Liam states, spotting it on the top level of the fridge.

"Dustin, grab some glasses while I steal this," he says.

"Clarice will murder you," Trey tells him while Liam kidnaps the cake.

"Shush you! You saw nothing, and don't you snitch," he tells Trey.

"So why are we doing this again?" I ask, and everyone stops looking at Tandi.

"Ah, because we can! You're the Queen. You can do what you want!" she shrugs, and I giggle. She had a point, kinda. I doubted any of the guards would step in unless I was putting myself in danger.

We sneak down to the ballroom where the orphanage was initially set up, but it is now clear since only a handful of children remained and were on the servant's floor with Clarice and the other servants so they could be watched over. Yet a few bunk beds and toys remained. We set up our picnic after ripping the sheets off. Trey starts a fire in the enormous fireplaces, and we flick the lights off since turning them on lit the place like a Christmas tree.

"So, what did Damian do that you made you ditch him?" Abbie asks, accepting a glass of wine from her. Liam sips his bottle of whiskey, not bothering with a glass,

"Nothing really just irritated me."

"Fascinating. Tell me more about your domestic squabbles," Liam says, and she rolls her eyes at him.

"I wanted to go to the archives and find my daughter. He wants me to wait."

"Why?" I ask, thinking it was a little odd of him. He knows Tandi wants her daughter back, as any mother would after learning they were alive all this time.

"He wants to be sure. He said he is worried Larkin is lying and she is dead. He wants to check it out himself first," she sighs.

"Yeah, I would say he is just looking out for you," Trey tells her, coming over with a blanket. He drapes it over my shoulder, eyeing the wine glass in my hand that Tandi gave me. I sip it, finding the taste somewhat bitter.

"What about you and Gannon after last night?" Tandi asks Abbie. The room fell quiet at her question, and I definitely didn't want to think of the state we found her in. Abbie leans into me, resting her head on my shoulder.

"I'll be fine. Though I learned a lot about Sia, who was Gannon's real mate," Abbie tells us, and I had questions of my own about this woman. Liam clears his throat awkwardly, and I glance at him.

"Liam was with Sia when Gannon was," Abbie says.

"Damn! And you think I am trouble? First, the Gamma's mate and then the Beta's mate. I'm starting to see a pattern with you," Tandi laughs.

"So what about Sia?" I ask Abbie.

"She was my aunty," she tells us, and my brows furrow and Tandi stares at her before downing her glass.

"Till get more wine than, shall i," she says, about to get up and retrieve the bottle off the small Lego table leaning against the wall.

"I'll do it," Liam says, plucking the glass from her fingers and wandering off. Abbie sighs.

"So your aunty then?" Tandi asks.

"Dead. Gannon and Liam killed her," Abbie answers.

"And you are still with him?" she asks.

I don't remember her. It was before I was born. All I know is what my mother told me

about her.”

“And what was that?” Tandi asks curiously.

“That they had a fight. It was why my mother and father left the pack. So I have no memory of her. I only remember my grandmother when mum would sneak me to see her when I was little.”

I had hardly any memories that I could recall of Abbie. In fact, I could scarcely remember a time without Abbie.

“I don’t remember you ever leaving?” I tell her, confused. “What?” Abbie asks, looking at me, just as confused as I felt.

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“You and Marrison came with us a few times. My grandmother! She had curly red hair and always wore those bone things around her neck. You told me she looked like the wicked witch,” Abbie laughs. My brows pinched together as I tried to recall this memory or anything of that she spoke of.

“She used to have the giant tire swing out the back under the banyan tree?” Abbie tells me. I shake my head.

“Well, turns out you were right about her. She was a witch and human,” Abbie tells me with a laugh, yet was still wondering why I had no memories of this. Liam comes over to us and hands Abbie a glass, making me snitch the air.

I looked at Liam, swearing I could smell blood, but he looked fine. I shake my head, believing I imagined it, and sip my glass of wine that I still hadn’t finished. Abbie sips her glass and pulls a face at its bitterness.

“Wait, your grandmother was a witch?” Trey asks, sounding curious. “That’s what Gannon said. Why?” Abbie answers him.

“Nothing, just the name Sia sounds familiar to me for some reason,” Trey tells her but offers nothing else.

“So where is your grandmother now, then? Maybe she can do a location spell on my daughter,” Tandi says, mumbling the last part,

“Dead. We killed her seven years later when she came after Gannon for killing her daughter,” Liam says matter-of-factly as if Abbie wasn’t sitting across from him.

“Woah, hold up! You killed her grandmother too?” Tandi asks, shocked.

“Yep, and…” Liam’s words suddenly cut off when the door opened. The lights flicker on, and we turn toward the doors.

“Okay. I was woken up by a guard saying someone was messing around in my kitchen only to find my Mudcake gone, along with half the pantry!” Simultaneously, everyone points at Trey, who throws his hands up, and I giggle.

“And no one thought to invite me?” Clarice demands, wandering over. She plucks the whiskey bottle out of Liam’s hand and drinks from it before sighing.

“Fuck, I needed that! Those kids have been running rings around me all damn night,” she states before falling into our little circle on the floor. She hands the bottle back to Liam, who smirks and rolls onto his back on the floor, staring up at the ceiling.

"If you're going to raid my kitchen next time, an invitation would be nice, girls. Now, where is that cake?" she says.

"I'll get it," Trey says, wandering off. I watch everyone get wasted while I remain nursing the same wine glass. They looked like they needed to let loose. Yet I couldn't bring myself to drink when I was constantly at Kyson about his drinking.

It didn't feel right, and I was still sober along with Clarice when the sun came up. Who, I think, was sticking around to supervise, so we didn't cause trouble. Meanwhile, Abbie could barely walk and was in fits of giggles, and her face was bright red from all the wine. She had also lost a slipper.

Tandi is dancing on top of a table with Liam, while Dustin is on the verge of having a heart attack every time she gets too close to the edge. Liam was singing about some made-up song and kept calling Dustin his sweetpea, which ended with him being snapped at by Dustin.

I laughed, watching them make fools of themselves while sitting with Trey and Clarice.

"Always fun watching. Reminds me of when I was young," Clarice says, sipping her glass of wine.

"How old are you?" I ask. As far as Clarice was concerned, I didn't know much about her. Only now had it occurred to me

"too old," she laughs.

"Have you always lived at the castle?" I ask her while watching Abbie hunt beneath one of the bunk beds for her slipper. She comes out and jumps up victoriously, clutching it.

"Pretty much. When I had my mate, we lived in town, and I used to walk here, but after he died, I preferred being at the castle. It was lonely in the house by myself. This place kept me sane." she tells me. Just the thought of something happening to Kyson twisted my heart, so I couldn't imagine losing him.

"What happened to him?"

"He was a werewolf. I had been holding off on changing him, knowing how horrific it is to do so?"

"What do you mean?" I ask, remembering that Gannon had tried to change Abbie.

Clarice shakes her head. "That is something best explained by your mate."

"So what happened to him, then?"

"This was just before your parents' deaths. The hunter attacks were quite frequent, but they usually hit the packs. It was as if they used the packs for training when they hit them. Anyway, when we learned of the attacks, he wanted to help protect them, that they were his people, and he had family there. I refused at first, but he snuck off. Kyson found him dead and brought him home for me. He is buried in the cemetery by the river,"

"And you never thought to find a new mate?" I ask her. "No, I loved my mate. After that, I focused on helping here. Put all my time into this place."

"When I first came here, I was hired as a nanny. I raised Kyson, Liam, and Gannon all here. Damian, too; I love all the staff as if they were my own. Then, once the King was older, he kept me on, and I stayed. Then I found my mate, then lost him a short time later, and all I had was this place, so I moved back into the castle." she tells me.

"So you never had a chance to have kids?" she shakes her head.

"No, but I am hoping one day I will get to help you raise yours. When you're ready, of

course, to try again," she tells me. I smile sadly and nod. A short time later, Clarice rises to her feet and says she had to check the boys. Yet moments after she left, the fun abruptly stopped when Damian burst through the doors furiously.

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"I take it back. Trey is not the fun police. My mate is!" Tandi says, flailing her hand at him. Yet I had to agree with her because the look on his face was furious. Dustin moves quickly to my side as Damian storms in.

"You!" Damian snarls, and I glance between the table Liam and Tandi were dancing on and Damian. However, he was not looking at Tandi but at Liam, Liam looks over his shoulder before looking at Damian. "Me?" He says, pointing at himself when his eyes widen as Damian snarls and shifts. Tandi screams, flying off the table as it is upturned when Damian crashes on top of Liam.

The air expelling from Liam's lungs was audible as he hit the ground with the angry Lycan's weight crushing the air from him. Tandi tries to separate the pair of them as they pummel each other, and Liam is far too drunk even to shift.

"Damian! What has gotten into you? Get off him!" Tandi screeches, ripping on his back. Abbie giggles as she drunkenly stumbles over to me with her bunny slipper in her hand, clutching it as if it was some prized possession.

"Get 'em, Tandi!" she squeals loudly beside me.

"I don't think Damian is playing, Abbie," she looks at me before looking at them when Damian punches Liam so hard his nose breaks. "Woah! Not the fucking face! Body shots only prick!" Liam spits at him. Just as Tandi hauls Damian off him, Trey strolls over to me, sitting next to me.

"You're not going to stop them?" I ask Trey, and he shrugs.

"Not unless you ask. Or they get too close to you," Trey yawns. I look at Dustin, who also just shrugs. "Liam can handle himself," he says, looking unperturbed by his boyfriend getting his ass handed to him.

"Stay the fuck away from my mate!" Damian spits at Liam. And good old Liam just doesn't know when to shut his mouth, and I eye-rolled so hard I swear I could see a glimpse of my brain.

“Not my fault. She likes me more than you,” Liam taunts. That Lycan had a death wish, and death was coming for him. As Damian spun on his heel so quickly, Liam only jumped out of the way of his foot as he went to stomp him.

Damian’s foot misses him by mere inches when Liam punches Damian’s inner thigh as he reaches down to try to grab him. Which makes Damian grunt, and he drops his head. Liam took that opportunity to uppercut him. I heard the sound of his teeth gnashing before all hell broke loose. Dustin sighs, stepping in front of us.

My heart skips a beat, and I grab Abbie ripping her away as they come flying toward us. Trey quickly moves to block me as Liam comes flying toward us from a kick to the stomach. Trey grabs him, shoving him away and toward the doors, while Dustin shoves us behind him to the side.

“Out now!” Trey snarls, pointing toward the door while glaring at Dustin, and I feel Kyson wake, and by God, they want to run before he gets here. Liam bows and looks at Dustin.

“Come on, Dustin, you can kiss my boo–boo’s better,” Liam purrs. Dustin growls and watches as he saunters out, and Trey blocks Damian as he follows after him.

“Go, Trey is with me,” I tell Dustin, and he sighs, rushing off after him.

Tandi appears to be in shock, and she gasps when Damian turns his head to look at her. He looked menacing. And I don’t blame her at all for not wanting to go with him. His chest rose and fell heavily with each panted breath he took.

“Tandi now!” she shakes her head, eyes wide.

“I’m good here. You go ahead,”

“It wasn’t a question. Now!” yet his demand of her made her eyes narrow. She clearly wasn’t impressed by him making demands of her, and it wasn’t like she was doing anything wrong. They were only dancing, or was that not allowed?! wasn’t sure what appropriate male and female interactions were outside of my guards, so I wasn’t sure.

Then again, Kyson, I knew, easily becomes jealous, especially with Trey. Dustin, not so much, but he has even had his moments with him. Abbie snickers behind me, cupping her mouth with her hands. She had been in fits of giggles since the first glass of wine. She couldn’t even stand upright properly. Abbie was leaning against me, and I was sure she would topple over if I moved. Damian’s head twists at the noise she makes before recognition dawns on him. His eyes

soften slightly as he peers at her.

“Abbie, Gannon is on his way to get you. I sent Clarice to watch Tyson,” he tells her.

“What! You speak to her nicely while I get yelled at for doing the exact same thing!”

“You’re older. You should know better! And she wasn’t dancing with the man whose initial is carved into her damn thigh!” Tandi rolls her eyes and folds her arms across her chest, popping her hip, which was a big mistake from where her pajama pants had ridden up, exposing the white scar marring her skin. Damian snarls at her as if she did it deliberately, and she realizes the mistake, quickly fixing her stance as his eyes lock on her.

He growls, stalking toward her, and my feet move when he grabs her. I shove past Trey as she squeals. Her small body hit the floor as he pinned her.

“Damian!” I snap as Trey races past me just as she screams. Trey tries to pry him away, and I see blood spill on the floor just as Trey rips him back. The inside of her thigh is all bloody, and Trey growls at him just as Kyson rushes into the room and rips Trey off Damian. Yet my eyes were on Tandi’s thigh, torn to pieces by his claws. Tears bubble in her eyes as she looks at where he carved his name, or half of it, in her leg with his claws.

“I think I am going to be sick,” Abbie says behind me, and I turn to see her face white as a sheet. She staggers and is about to hit the ground when Gannon is suddenly beside her. He scoops her legs out from under her, and she pukes all over his shirt the moment he does.

“Sorry,” she murmurs, wiping her mouth on the back of her hand. “But I feel better now,” she nods. Gannon blinks down at her before lifting his head to look past me at Kyson.

“My King?”

“Go, Trey and I have him,”

“Night,” he says, walking off with Abbie, who was officially passed out. I grabbed the napkins from when we had cake, pressing them against her leg, trying to clean it up. Trey taps me on the shoulder, and I move aside, letting him tend to her, and rise to my feet to see Kyson glaring at his Beta while Damian was glaring at Trey’s hands on her leg.

“Enough!” Kyson tells him in a warning. He was livid, and I hoped it wasn’t directed at me. Yet I could tell he wasn’t impressed waking without me beside him, but he didn’t mention it, and I could tell he was trying to keep himself calm despite also feeling his urge to drag me out of the room. What a disaster this night, or more morning as it was now, became.

Tandi hisses, and his claws got her deep, the napkins barely doing anything to stem the bleeding. “Damian needs to heal you,” Trey mumbles, looking over his shoulder at Damian.

“He mutilated me! I don’t want him anywhere near me!” she snaps. “Just help me up; I will walk it off,” she groans as she holds her hands out to me, and I grab them, hauling her to her feet. Yet the moment she stands, blood cascades down her leg like a waterfall, Trey clutching her thigh in both hands.

“Don’t be fucking stubborn!” Damian snaps, shaking off Kyspn’s arm on his shoulder.

“No! You’re not touching me!” she snaps at him when he pauses, looking around on the floor where mushed-up cake and spilled drinks ruined the floor, and guilt smashed me at the mess we had made. Damian growls, snatches the cake knife from the floor and stalks toward her. She stumbles back, her leg still clutched in Trey’s hand.

“Get off her!” Damian snarls, and he holds the knife out to her. Her hands tremble as she hesitantly takes it.

“Enjoy it. It will be the only time I let you carve me up!” he snaps at her before dropping to his knees in front of her. He growls and looks up at her, and shakes his head.

“What? You don’t get to act disgusted. You did it!” she snapped at him.

“I’m not disgusted! Look at it!” he snaps at her, and we all lean a little closer, and she narrows her eyes at him, pursing her lips.

“You best be bloody fixing it. I am not walking around with DAM on my leg!” she growls furiously. Did she mean she wanted him to carve into her more? Or did I read that wrong? Damian looks over his shoulder at the King. Kyson shrugs, his eyebrows lifting almost into his hairline at her words.

“Well, you asked this time, so don’t bitch when it hurts,” he tells her.

“Yeah, because you mutilated me! Now fix it!” she says, tapping her foot impatiently. He lifts his hand to her leg, his sharp claw slicing through her soft flesh, and she grits her teeth and bares it while I feel woozy just watching. Damian does it fast before running his tongue across it and quickly healing the damage he caused, leaving behind only faint scarring.

Tandi examines it, scrutinizing it before a wicked smile graces her face as she runs her thumb over the knife in her

hand, wiping the chocolate off it before sucking on her thumb.

“My turn! And you better not squirm,” she says, and I look away, noticing that he had shifted back and was now naked. kneeling before her.

“Your name only. You write something stupid on me, and I will..”

“Do nothing. You cut me first!” she says, waving the knife in his face. He sighs, and Trey gets to his feet, reaching me at the same time Kyson does.

“That is not normal!” Trey says, shaking his head at them as Tandi carved her name above his pec, while Damian watched her, making sure she embellished nothing. “Wait, I forgot to dot the 1 she says, stabbing the point into him and making him hiss. “There,” she says, dropping the knife and walking off. She passes us and moves through the double doors, laughing to herself.

Damian stops beside us, and I glance at his chest, keeping my eyes above the waist. His blood streaked down his chest as he stared after her. “That woman is driving me crazy! I don’t know if I wanna kill her or kiss her. Maybe both!” he snaps, chasing after her while mumbling. When they leave, Kyson’s hand falls on my lower back, and I cringe, waiting for his wrath

“Are you okay?” he whispers, kissing my temple. I peer up at him as he drapes his arm across my shoulders.

“You’re not mad?” I ask him.

“Too tired to be mad at you. Besides, you don’t look drunk, and you’re not brandishing a knife like a madwoman,” he says, gripping my face and sniffing me.

“I only had half a glass of wine. I stopped drinking. It wouldn’t be right if I was drinking while constantly scolding you for the same thing,” I tell him. He glances at Trey and sighs.

“I trust you. And I trust him not to let you get in trouble, Azzy,” he says, kissing my forehead.

“Come on, I should clean this mess up,” I tell him, looking at the mess we made.

“Go, I will do it,” Trey says, walking toward the doors, he grabs the plastic bin, and I move to help him, but he shakes his head.

“Bed, my Queen. We are leaving for Landeena this afternoon once we hear back from Larkin. His deadline is today. I can handle this. Go get some sleep.” Trey says, but Kyson was already steering me out the door before I could protest.

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Author Note:

Hey guys, sorry for the lack of updates. I have been trying to catch Abbie's book up to this one. I do have a Face book Page. Jessica Hall Author Page. This is where I post about updates etc, also print editions and anything about my books and also what is going on if I fall behind. More chapters coming; I am hoping to finish this book and Mated to the King's Gamma (Abbie book) next week.

Also, while you wait, check out Alphas Possession or tempting Darkness if you like darker books. I am hoping to post another chapter tonight for Luna. Almost to the end, guys. Sorry, you've been waiting, but Mated to the King's Gamma is almost caught up now.

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Gannon POV

Abbie was still passed out when I reached the room. Clarice, however, stood in the hallway. My bedroom door was open as she stood by the door, watching Tyson while rocking Hunter in her arms and putting him back to sleep.

She glances at me covered in vomit and chuckles. "I am glad you find it so funny," I tell her. She smiles at Abbie, who was snoring in my arms, her mouth open. She was out cold but wouldn't be once I put her in the shower.

"At least she had fun and got out of this room for once," Clarice tells me, and I nod. The moment she took off with Tandi, I had Liam looking for her, and he promised to stay with her. She needed time with Azalea and Tandi. Even if I thought Tandi was a little wild, she was familiar, and I knew hovered too much.

"Let me set him down in his crib," Clarice says, walking off toward Damian's room, only to stop when we hear voices. Or more like arguing. I roll my eyes, and Clarice pauses. "On second thought, I might lay him down on your bed for a minute," Clarice says when I recognize the voices to be Tandi and Damian. I wander into my room, finding Tyson where I left him, fast asleep on Abbie's side of the bed.

Clarice sets Hunter next to him, propping pillows around him before following me into the bathroom. She turns the shower on for me while I pull Abbie's soiled clothes off. I place her in the shower. My chest pangs when I glance at her marred flesh. Long slits

ran up both arms. My mark on her neck had covered Kade's and removed his, yet the guilt I felt about marking her without consent still coiled inside me.

"She'll forgive you," Clarice says. The woman was too observant and could read me like a damn book.

"I know; it just doesn't feel right," I tell her, glancing at her. She nods, grabbing soap and a loofah as Abbie stirred under the water.

"She will forgive you. You were trying to save her," Clarice says as I tug my shirt off, tossing it in the hamper.

"I am not worried about her forgiving me for marking her, that she will forgive," I tell her, sticking my head out the door.

"Get it off your chest, son. I am not a mind reader. I know you tried to change her."

"She said I tried to force her to live,"

"Because you did," she tells me. No judgment from this woman ever came. I could tell her my darkest secrets; I knew she would take them to the grave with her and not judge me for my mistakes.

"Yes, but I don't think I can keep the promise I made to her if she tries to do it again," I whisper.

"I don't think she will try again, Gannon. Whatever Azalea did, it made her want to live. Abbie spent so much time trapped in her past that she forgot she now has a future, and that future is with you and Tyson. You just may need to remind her of it occasionally," she tells me, passing me the soap and loofah. I take them, and she pats my cheek before walking out

"I will take Tyson for the night. I am taking Hunter for the night, too. I will have Dustin come and grab Tyson for me," she tells me

"Thank you," I tell her, and she nods, closing the door and leaving me with Abbie. I strip my pants off and climb into the shower. Abbie sat at my feet, leaning against the shower wall while I quickly washed before kneeling to wash her. She jerks awake when I pull her head under the water, coughing and spluttering. She wipes her eyes, peering around.

"You're safe. It's just me," I tell her, and she sighs, leaning back against the shower wall. Leaning out of the shower quickly, I grab her toothbrush and mouthwash. I put toothpaste on it, passing it to her, yet her eyes were already closing.

“Abbie, brush your teeth,” I tell her, placing the toothbrush in her hand and bringing it to her mouth. She chews on it while attempting to brush her teeth. I quickly wash her hair before tilting her head back while laughing at her when I try to pull the toothbrush from her mouth.

“Open your mouth,” I chuckle, scrubbing her teeth the same way I watch her scrub Tyson’s every morning and night. “Spit,” I tell her when I am done. She does, mostly spitting it on herself, and I quickly wash it off her.

“Come on,” I tell her. She sluggishly peers up at me, returning to her surroundings and looking around again. It was clear she had already forgotten where she was. She was completely shitfaced, and she smiled lazily, and I rolled my eyes, grabbing her under the arms and pulling her up.

“I think I drunkded too much,” she giggles, slurring each word and making me laugh.

That you did,” I tell her.

Did you find my bunny?” I raise an eyebrow at her, not knowing what she is talking about. I half drag her while she stumbles out of the shower. It took me a solid twenty minutes to dress her because she kept demanding her bunny, which I finally figured out was her damn slippers. I place her in bed, tucking her in, her slipper tucked under one arm. Shaking my head, I put my boxers on before moving toward the door I realized was slightly ajar.

As I close it. I catch movement and open it, wondering if it was Clarice and if she needed something. Yet when I open the door, I catch a glimpse of something I wished I could unsee. I blink at the scene before me. Damian had Tandi’s legs around his waist while he impaled his cock in her while pressing her against the damn wall.

I clear my throat. Staring up at the ceiling instead of his white ass. “We have rooms for a reason!” I called out, and Tandi shrieked.

“Noted, we were getting there,” Damian growls, quickly rushing to his room down the hall. I shake my head, shut the door, and fall onto the couch. Abbie would freak out if she woke with me on the bed next to her. She never let me sleep next to me unless Tyson was between us. Besides a few stolen kisses and brief hugs, that was it. It was also what caused the incident the other day.

Tyson has his own room now and still. She refused to sleep in the bed without him or when I had put him in his room, would wake to her in there with him or her creeping over to the couch. Shutting the lamp off and closing my eyes, drape my arm across my face. The sky was already starting to lighten, yet sleep took me. Although, I am abruptly awoken from oblivion by a loud crashing noise, which has me sitting up instantly. My eyes peer around the room, adjusting to the darkness as my night vision kicks in.

I sigh, finding Abbie getting to her feet from the floor. She giggles, and I sit up just as she stands.

“Abbie, you should be asleep,” I groan, rubbing my eyes when I feel her body hit mine as she stumbles into me. I catch her to realize she had shredded her clothes in her sleep. “Abbie,” I stammer. She only giggles, climbing into my lap, her lips attacking me. I grip her arms, but she pushes me back, straddling me. Her mouth crashes against mine, and I groan, kissing her back before regaining my wits and moving her back.

“Abbie, you’re drunk,” I tell her. She slurs and mumbles while her hands keep tugging at my clothes. I remove my shirt, dragging it over my head.

“You don’t want me,” she puffs while sitting up.

“Not while you’re drunk, I don’t. Now lay down,” I tell her, patting my chest. She ignores me, instead trying to kiss me, and I sigh. “Abbie!”

“I want you,” she whines, licking my chest.

“And if you still want me in the morning, you can have me, but not while you’re like this,” I tell her, yet still she insists, and I roll my eyes, tucking her beside me and locking my arms around her squirming body. Her ass rubbing against my crotch, making me extremely uncomfortable as I trap her between the back of the couch and my chest.

I sigh and purr before realizing my calling would work on her now, and I take full advantage of it, letting it calm her and essentially knocking her out. I wasn’t giving her another reason to hate. And fucking her, while she was like this, would make me hate myself as much as she would hate me in the morning.

“Sleep, love, you’re safe with me,” I whispered before kissing her cheek and loving the feel of her body safe in my arms.